

A lamentable new Ballad vpon the Earle of Essex death.
To the tune of the Kings last Good-night.

75



All you that cry, O hone O hone
come now and sing, O Lord with me,
For why our Jewell is from vs gone,
the valiant knight of Chinalrie:
Of rich and prize beloved was he,
in time an honorable knight,
When by our Lawes condeind to dye,
and lately toke his last God night.

Count him not like to Saint no; Campion,
(those traitorous men) of Babington,
For like the Earle of Westmerland,
by whom a number were vndone:
He neuer yet hurt mother's sonne,
his quarrell still maintaine the right:
Which makes y^e tears my cheeks down run:
when I thinke on his last God-night.

The Portugales can witnes be,
his Dagger at Lisbon gate he hung,
And like a knight of Chinalrie,
his chaine vpon the gate he hung:
Would God that he would thither come,
to fetch them both in order right:
Which thing was by his hono; done,
yet lately toke his last God night.

The Frenchmen they can testifie,
the towne of Gourney he toke in:
And marched to Roane immediately,
not caring for his foers a pin.
With bullets then he pierced their skin,
and made them flee far from his sight:
He at that time did credit win,
and now hath tane his last God-night.

And lastly Cales can witnes well:
enen by his Proclamation right,
He did command them all straightly,
to haue a care of Infants liues:

That none should ransome his wife,
which was against their order right:
Therefore they paid for his long life,
which lately toke his last God-night.

Would God he had ne're Ireland knowne,
nor set his feet on Flanders ground:
Then might we well inioy our owne,
where now our Jewell will not be found.
Which makes our woes still to abound,
trickling with salt teares in my sight:
To heare his name in our eares to sound,
Lord Deuereux toke his last God-night.

A Wednesday that dismall day,
when he came forth of his Chamber dore,
Upon the Scaffold there he saw,
his headman standing him before.
The Nobles all they did deplore,
shedding their salt teares in his sight:
He said, farewell to rich and poore,
at his god morrow and god-night.

Farewell Elizabeth my gracions Queene,
God blesse thee and thy counsell all:
Farewell my knights of Chinalrie,
farewell my soldiers stout and tall:
Farewell the Commons great and small,
into the hands of men I light:
My life shall make amends for all,
for Essex bids the world god-night.

Farewell deare wife and children thee,
farewell my young and tender son,
Comfort your selues mourne not for me,
although your fall be now begun:
My time is come the glasse is run,
comfort your selues in former light,
Saying by my fall you are vndone,
your Father bids the world God-night.

Derrick thou knowest at Cales I saw
thy life, lost for a rape there done,
Which thou thy selfe canst testifie,
thine owne hand thee and twenty hung:
But now thou sayst my time is come,
by chance into thy hands I light.
Strike out thy blot that I may know,
thou Essex lovest at his god-night.

When England counted me a Papist,
the workes of Papists I beke,
I nere worshipt Saint, no; Angell in heauen,
nor to the Virgin Mary I,
But to Christ which for my sinnes did dye,
trickling with sad teares in his sight:
Spreading my armes to God on high,
Lord Jesus, receive my soule this night.

FINIS.

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